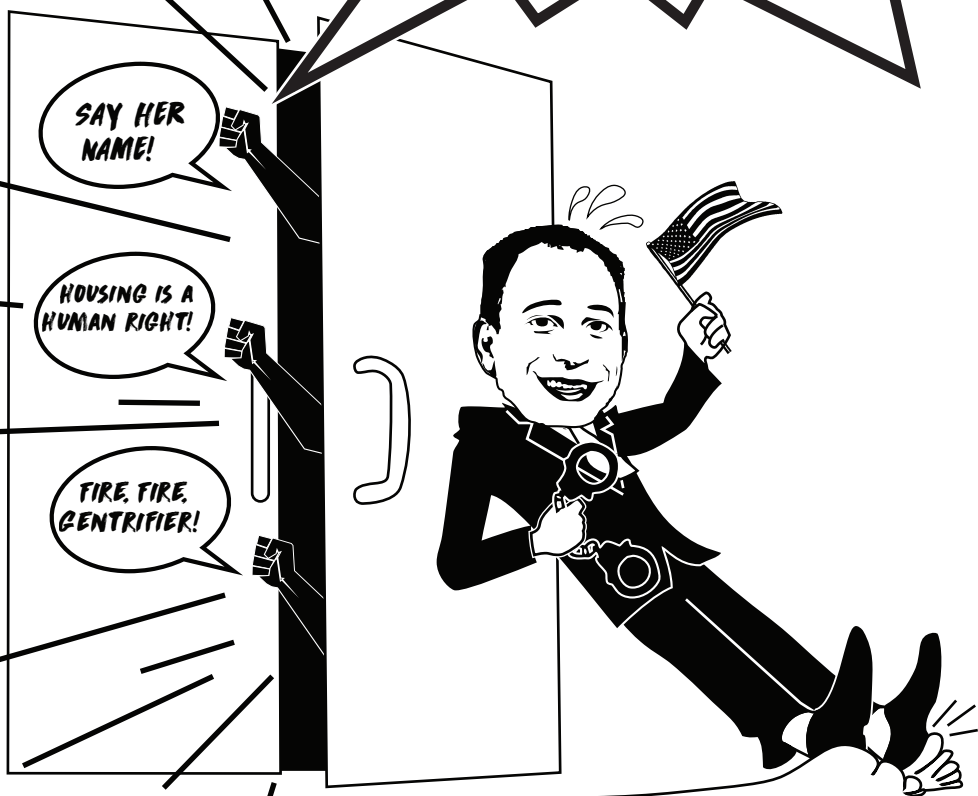


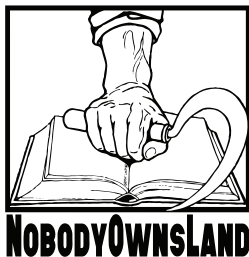
#2

NOBODY OWNS LAND!



"GREEDBERG" AND THE RULING CLASS HE REPRESENTS
CAN ONLY CON LOUISVILLE FOR SO LONG!

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Inaguration Fragments

By Wm. Zink

I.

I hate to be that guy,
but this is about a breach of decorum
more than anything else.
Dewy-eyed white people,
wanting to be incapable of murder,
implicated by complications
they've buried under reams
of Federalist paperwork.

II.

The thing in its naked glory –
we are face to face with ourselves
and we don't like what we see.
We locate it, black cats in boxes,
lost in between,
threads woven into tapestries
and we have names: FASCISM, etc.

III.

We are being killed by a lifestyle.
The manufactured inequity of it all.
There is always a loser, but
the loser is constructed.

IV.

The defeat of Clinton
was nothing more
than the end of
plausible deniability.
Americans look in the mirror
and see Donald Trump.

V.

Is it better? Is it worse?
Is it a different bomb
that keeps the kids scrambling
on the beaches of Aden?
(Spoiler alert: it is not.)
The poor will always be with us,
shuttered just off the inside loop exit,
hidden in rotting double wides
off two lanes that the interstate
robbed of traffic years ago
when you could still make good money
to build a car.

VI.

The Third Reich played itself offstage
with Götterdämmerung Act 3,
Brünnhilde riding into the flames,
Valhalla ablaze, fade into nothingness.
The American Reich responds
with the Benny Hill theme,
blood spattered everywhere
from the slaughtered brown people.

Global Thoughts

By Dechoukaj

Kanaky nation rebels as French settlers attempt to

assert control over "New Caledonia" colony

French colonialism and settler-colonialism was forced to take a step back last month when the native Kanak people of Kanaky (dubbed "New Caledonia" by the French) rose up and took violent action against the French colonial government. Earlier, French President Emmanuel Macron announced a series of undemocratic "reforms" aimed at disproportionately giving white French settlers on the island voting rights over the native peoples. The Kanak people have long sought independence for their nation, and overwhelmingly support it, but the white settler-colonial government has repeatedly prevented it in alliance with the mainland French government.

The Nouméa Accord, which only happened because the Kanak people engaged in an armed liberation war, stipulated that binding referendums must be held to determine whether Kanaky remains a colony of France. These referendums were delayed for 20 years. In 2018, the first one finally happened, with additional ones in 2020 and 2021. Though the Kanak people fought hard to be represented fairly in voting rules as the indigenous people of the island, and won some serious concessions for it, white settlers were still able to barely defeat them in 2018 and 2020, with the Kanak people boycotting the 2021 referendum entirely due to the COVID-19 pandemic making it impossible for a fair vote to take place.

Like all other liberation struggles, this teaches us that real independence can only come through the armed struggle of the working people for national liberation. The Kanak people were only able to get a referendum due to a courageous armed liberation struggle, and in the absence of those arms their ability to continue the struggle evaporated. Elsewhere, the Palestinian liberation struggle surged back into the fore by the heroic armed struggle of the alliance of resistance forces there. We must resist all attempts to disarm and defuse the liberation struggles of the nationally and economically oppressed and resolutely reject the notion that the violence of the oppressed is anything like the violence of the oppressor.



Reparations

By Nia Queen

*My name is Nia Queen (she/her) and I'm a multi-faceted writer/community organizer
from Louisville.*

My Instagram is [nia.queen](#)

With the books I'm now granted permission to read,
In the home we are now allowed to own,
(Though the front yard is missing a few dozen acres)

With all three-fifths of my audacity to submit this,
I'll get reparations by placing these words on someone else's eyes
Like professors place their ignorant words upon me.

With the degree I've been permitted to earn,
By taking the BigCollegeTests only created to keep me out,
I endure
Year after year, earning my chance to teach a history of my choosing.

With my Black mind lived through my Black body I'll go to a rich White school and
tell them about my dear friend Nat.

He alone Turned

The tides for the people he came from

He visited the house

Bearing gifts and knick knacks and

New beginnings.

He was greeted at the door and graciously welcomed in
A meal was shared, love was exchanged, and We left anew.

Thanksgiving sounds familiar because it's a song we composed ourselves.

As a professor, I'll get to force my interests on whoever is unlucky enough to pay
for them

As my students enter their European History class, I'll tell them instead of Mindless
Behavior

They'll learn of the esteemed feuds of Kingdom Nobility:

The decade-long battle of Princeton V. Roc Royal

(If I had a dollar for every white man's special interest brought to my attention
without my desire,

I'd have enough to buy the Rolling Stones' masters right from under them

I could own WWE

I could make *another* billion dollar franchise of white men colonizing the stars

Call it StarBattle, or CosmicConquistador)

Allow me to make use of my newfound audacity:

My class would ditch the Roman Empire entirely
They'd leave knowing The Cheetah Girls made waves in New York City, Barcelona,
AND Mumbai

How is *that* for a sun that never sets?

They'd know The Enlightenment as the period of time from 2020 to 2020now
where powerful civilizations (corporations) issued declarations (emails)
telling the masses of their newfound promise to Give A Damn

They'd know of Martin Luther — the Prince turned King, the Martyr
They'd learn about the Royal Crown and the legacy of Her Majesty, The Queen
Latifah — with an empire that continues to uphold the standard of (comm)u.n.i.t.y

To be a professor is to have the power to be a master manipulator.
Gullible students are dead weight in a revolution.

To not teach anything of substance is an abuse of power.

Substance of course can be argued as objective. And such is the great beauty of
America.

We are gifted the remaining two-fifths and all is well, we are equal, and we learn
only three of the names that freed us until we are all Martin'd and Harriet'd Rosa'd
out.

We stop at our Required Three and all things 'African American' are thrown back
into the dusty catalog

A feeble panther hidden in the deck of special interest courses

Courses taught by Black professors like my future self
Black professors playing double agent to The Man and The People
Hoping to fill enough seats to make it through syllabus week before the HigherEd
Police Department shoots them dead at point-blank range

*Breaking News: unarmed African American studies program shot by local legislation.
Witnesses say it was a murder suicide
The Officer got reports of domestic terrorism and his innocent white hand pulled his
dutiful black gun
and fired several rounds before scoping the scene and
upon discovering wisdom instead of weapons,
Upon finding poems instead of poison,
Upon finding books instead bombs he
turned the gun on himself.*

This will be the first lesson of my course on European-American history
This lesson is titled Curiosity Killed the Cop or
The Boy Who Cried White or
The Shots Heard 'round the World or
The Boomerang of COINTELPRO

A Trans Woman in the People's Army

Originally Published in Ang Bayan.

June 21, 2023

This is an article originally published in Ang Bayan, the official publication of the Communist Party of the Philippines. The Party, alongside their armed wing, the New People's Army (NPA), has been fighting a war of national liberation against the Filipino puppet government and US imperialism since 1969. In the Philippines, Queer people face harsh legal repression, being unable to marry, legally transition, or adopt children and facing severe violence in everyday life. The Communist Party and New People's Army have fought for the rights of Queer people in the Philippines. In liberated areas Queer people can get married and enjoy real protection. As such, many have picked up arms and decided to fight as part of the New People's Army for a better Philippines where they no longer have to live in fear. This short article is a brief story of one such woman. As you read it, remember that it was published just a year ago. Ka Daisy is out there right now fighting for her liberation. The Filipino and US governments have designated her and the People's Army as terrorists.

What will you do?

For more than a year now, Ka Daisy, a trans woman, has served as a full-time Red fighter. She joined the New People's Army (NPA) during the pandemic, three years after doing revolutionary work as a member of the Kabataang Makabayan. She recounted how her unit got engaged in an armed encounter on her second day in the unit.

Ka Daisy, also called "Inday" by some comrades, now serves as a squad political guide. As an official, she ensures the strengthening of the organization. She helps outline plans and programs, and ensures its implementation. She also performs daily technical

tasks such as fetching water, cooking, and transporting supplies.

“I have total respect for Ka Daisy,” said Ka Alas, her squad leader. “Apart from being helpful, she teaches well. Since her deployment here, she took to teaching me LitNum (literacy/numeracy). Because I’m quite past my prime, I sometimes forget our lessons, but Inday keeps encouraging me to learn.”

Ka Daisy was warmly received by comrades as a new recruit. On her part, she was able to quickly adapt to the NPA’s military regulations.

“Even before I joined the unit, comrades were oriented about my gender. They had study meetings about the LGBT struggle,” said Ka Daisy. In her unit, instructors include the LGBT orientation when giving basic military orientation. This aims to correct wrong views and treatment of LGBTs. Some misconceptions still manifest, but these are collectively struggled in a structured and comradely manner.

Like other comrades, Ka Daisy carries a heavy pack. Her bag contains printed reading materials such as Ang Bayan and other documents and books, kitchen materials, supplies and gadgets. Thrown in the mix is her make-up kit.

“Whenever we undertake mass work, we distribute documents like AB to update the masses on important social issues,” she said.

If asked how many women are in the unit, comrades would include Ka Daisy. It was a far cry from her experiences when she was still studying in a Catholic school. She experienced restrictions and gender-based discrimination. She was prohibited to wear the clothes she prefers and had to cut her long hair short.

Within the NPA, Ka Daisy is happy to be part of forging a society that has compassion and concern for transwomen like her. For her, gender is a non-issue for one to wage revolution. It is not a hindrance nor is it a basic question. It is not a matter of competing. It is enough for one to dedicate one’s heart and time to serve the revolution.

“As an LGBT youth, our role is important in advancing the revolution. To change society’s perception, we need to trans-

form society itself,” she added.

In waging revolution, Ka Daisy can freely express her true feelings. During the 50th anniversary of the National Democratic Front of the Philippines, she led celebrations in the guerilla front. She served as a facilitator of the program and decorated the venue. She was also one of the instructors for the dance and song cultural performances. Because of the special nature of the occasion, Ka Daisy put on some lipstick, face powder and eyeliner.

Hundreds of peasants from nearby barrios graced the occasion.

In the area of responsibility of Ka Daisy’s unit, there are a few LGBT members who belong to basic Party organs in the barrio. They actively took part in cultural performances and were open to socialize with the Red fighters.

Ka Daisy was so surprised to find someone like her, an LGBT, who is also a Red fighter.

“I have long known that the NPA accepts LGBT people like me. I am delighted finally to have met someone who came from the community. I thought I was alone here,” she jokingly said.

Indeed everyone has equal rights and responsibilities in the movement. In a society that oppresses and judges LGBT people, it is only in the revolution that they can experience genuine freedom to be themselves.

hate poem.

By Scott Rosario Mottola

Instagram: @punkrower

localsforliberation.org

This is not about religion.

It has never been about a god.

Palestine has become a mirror at which we lack the courage to look, because we cannot accept that it is ourselves staring back, bloodstained and crying out.

So we distort the mirror.

We muddy the image.

We cover it.

We avoid it.

We create excuses for our handmade blindfolds.

And in our lack of courage, we lack understanding also, that it is impossible to outrun our own reflections.

I called this poem 'hate,' but perhaps a better title is 'fear.'

Free Palestine, free ourselves.

Untitled

Well past surreal movements this
Demand for some demonstration
Do not look away do not wallow
Disrupt dissent dissolve structures

La Liberté for sale at auction asks
Who will be willing to sign on to the
Appel à la lutte because the time
For choosing is now and the artist

Must be willing to risk everything

Because everything is at risk.

Claude les Champs

Global Thoughts

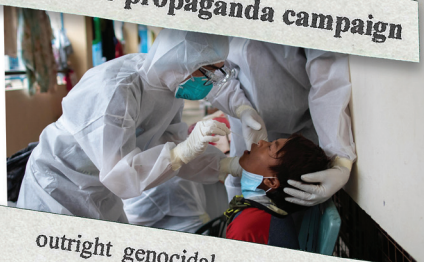
By Dechoukaj

US Military admits to international anti-vaccine propaganda campaign

Buong kumpiyansang...
...ntial
...ng Russia sa
...virus disease

As the COVID pandemic rages from 2020 to today, the US military launched a global operation to spread anti-vaccine sentiment among third-world peoples, particularly Filipinos, in order to sabotage competitors to COVID vaccines provided by US companies. While the neo-colonial Filipino government was on state TV begging its citizens to get vaccinated, little did they know that their colonial masters were actively undermining their efforts. Thanks to an excellent investigation by Reuters, the Government was forced to admit the existence of this indefensible and

NO...
WA...
NG...
...ANSANG "ISE SHARE"
...NG COVID-19 VACCINE SA PILIPINAS



outright genocidal operation which actively deceived the Filipino people and contributed to them having one of the worst COVID death rates in Asia.

That being said Reuter's report is still all too eager to believe the Biden administration's claim that such practices were ended in 2021 and never targeted US citizens. This is just the latest in a long history of the US abusing medical programs for imperialist aims. In Pakistan, the CIA invented a fake Hepatitis vaccine program in order to steal DNA

china! Unahin mo
kami please bigay
pako isla pa, naga

and track Osama Bin Laden. This operation not only failed to do this, it actively destroyed the people's faith in vaccination, paving the way for the return of preventable but horrific diseases like polio. Vaccination is a centuries-old and proven scientific medical practice. Capitalism and imperialism, on the other hand, must use increasingly mystical and pseudo-scientific "reasoning" in order to justify itself and cement its rule. Rejecting capitalism must also mean rejecting the mystical and pseudo-scientific.



Gorge

By Selia Lael



Stranger Than Fiction

By Adrian Silbernagel

A few miles off the California coast
a bottleneck of cargo ships
holds Christmas hostage.

It's 80 degrees in Louisville
where veterans slump
into tarpaulin beds

under the 95 overpass.
U.S. missiles creep
towards Russia's frozen border

while somewhere far colder
my cousin stands in line for another
bologna sandwich and to think

we could have had time
travel, recipes for immortality
benevolent robots, even world peace

if we had been good.

Handing the Script

By A. Reyes

This fictional story is under the title "Handing The Script" and is a story I wrote in reaction to the Al Nuseirat Camp Bombing, which killed over 250 Palestinians according to the Gaza Health Ministry.

The Humvee strolled into the neighborhood, with a few black cars that trailed the armed vehicle as they parked in front of Sav's home. Sav stood at the door, his hand holding his other arm, his head and heart pounding. A single soldier exited the Humvee. The two of them met eyes immediately, but the soldier pretended he hadn't as he looked at the homeowner's garden, hands behind his back. The soldier hid nothing behind him, but Sav still felt that the man was hiding *something*.

"Your oranges look incredible," The soldier stated with a smile, bending to get a closer look. "Israeli innovations never cease to amaze me."

Sav didn't know what to reply with, because those were blood oranges, not the Jaffa oranges that many would celebrate. It felt a bit odd to watch a man confuse something for his own so confidently, but the two lived in the result of such ignorance.

To be met with an IDF soldier at your home wasn't anything out of the ordinary. For most, it was a family member or a friend visiting, so hardly an eye peeked from a neighboring window. But this still wasn't usual, far from it. And Sav did not know why this man was acting like this was a familial visit. He's received visits before and frequently, with Adir right there informing him of his brother's status, where they most likely think he is now, and if there were any moves to be made to get him back home. But today wasn't a status check, for the previous update last night was quite final.

Today, would be the "Debriefing."

The soldier simply accepted Sav's lack of response. "Sav, not to state the obvious, but I would prefer if we had our conversation inside, please."

Sav prepared tea for the both of them, the two sitting at his dining table. Lieutenant Adir splayed out a few files he had gathered. Unlike the photos of possible locations his brother was possibly held hostage in and the graphs showing how much time they estimated he had if he had no food left, the papers on the table now were only in text, scripts to be recited at a later time.

Adir began as Sav sat. "We are very sorry about the loss of your brother. Today isn't going to be an easy day with all the cameras so that's why I'm here. To get you focused on only the things you have to do, and you can go on back to your oranges."

"You haven't told me how he died, yet," Sav said. He had received the call last night after the raid that the IDF conducted in Rafah. The voice that told him so was human, but just as robotic as the voice that told the people beyond the barricade which place to run to when the bombs came. The call had hung up as Sav tearfully screamed how, still hearing missiles crashing far ahead.

"That's also why I'm here," Adir replied. "As you have seen in reports, the raid ended with us getting four hostages back,"

"And you planned on getting seven back, you told me."

"We ran into problems. After the bombs cleared the path for us to go through and we had arrived at the location, there were still people — combatants in the area. After a few encounters, we had gotten the four hostages that we found inside the building."

"When did you find my brother?"

"As we left."

"Did they hurt him?"

"No."

"Did they kill him before you got there?"

"...No."

"Then what happened to my brother?"

"He and the other two hostages attempted to escape before the air support arrived. They were buried under rubble that they tried to crawl out from under as we conducted our raid, and they were almost out as we left."

"What happened to my brother, Adir."

“Sav, this is all going to be public soon and we want to make sure you’re on our side first and foremost,” Adir clarified.

“On your side...?” Sav asked, as if there could be anything to sway his position during this war.

“There’s going to be details you aren’t going to like hearing about, false statements from the media that want to tell you their own facts, okay? We don’t want you to be alone as you get bombarded with that.”

“You were fine bombarding my brother, apparently.”

“See? We want to be sure that you understand what we did before you go thinking that we did this for no reason.”

“I’m thinking that because you still haven’t told me how he died. So did he die from trying to climb out of the rubble, was it from hunger, an injury, how did he die? I need to hear it from you.”

Adir sighed, but news such as this was delivered many, many times already. It wasn’t hard to say. But the reactions were hard to handle. Sometimes they cried, sometimes they screamed, sometimes they stormed the Knesset building during government proceedings. Nonetheless, here we go.

“Sav, we are sorry to tell you that your brother died in a friendly fire incident.”

Okay, that went alright. Neuter the wording, make it sound like his brother up and had a heart attack, don’t tell him anymore context.

And He watched Sav relent for a moment, letting emotion actually hit him like a bullet, finally giving him that true answer to what happened to his brother. Adir hoped that as he watched that maybe, just maybe, he could be captured enough by this emotional grief to follow along with the bigger picture, and come along for the day. But Sav instead relented for that moment and that moment only. A single tear falling from his eye as he asked once more.

“And what is the media going to tell me what happened?” He asked, not letting up the pressure. “What could be worse than that?”

“You’re in no need of knowing. Disgusting libel such as theirs is only fuel to the fire they want to throw on us,” The Lieutenant replied.

“Is the media going to be any different from what I saw this morning?”

The Lieutenant frowned but adjusted quickly. But it was already too late. Sav didn’t sleep a blink last night, but he wasn’t paralyzed, reading report after news report of what had occurred and any updates he could get from people inside. He didn’t believe the reports just because of what they said and when they were saying it, but because Adir only began calling once the true details had already come out. Sending call after call, trying to tell him everything that had happened instead of him finding out what others had reported. From that point on, the intentions were fully understood.

“It’s still going to be that.”

Sav took a deep breath, closing his eyes, another tear falling. Once opening them, he stood up and dumped his tea onto Adir’s chest and lap.

Adir yelled out, scalding smoke still flowing from his chest as Sav shoved him to the floor, kicking the chair over.

“They didn’t say he was shot, Adir!” He shouted at the top of his lungs. “Nobody fucking has! They’ve all said the same thing, and you come here to lie to me that something else happened-”

“Sav, this is an awful time and I understand, but they’re lying!”

“Lying! It’s always them lying! Never us, never you, never Bibi, we don’t tell lies! ‘Sorry we killed your brother, but we wanted to come over and say we bombed and shot him. So we can be clear that we didn’t stomp him to death like everyone else is saying.’ They showed photos, but you come here with scripts!”

Adir used the rug underneath him to try to dry off the tea. He had a handkerchief in his back pocket already, and did realize so as he stopped and began using it. It was like he had become too used to seeing what was around him as available to use. Too used to taking.

“What you saw from those reports, they don’t know what happened there. It’s disgusting the lengths these people take to try to get that out of you. Those photos, they could be fake, edited. AI has been in constant use-”

“I barely recognized him! Tell me that’s a bot doing it! It was barely recognizable but it was him,” He choked in anger, anger that he wanted to believe it was fake. “He was more footprint than face but it was him.”

“Sav, we are sorr-”

“Then get the fuck out.”

Adir was quick to take his leave, not even taking the papers he had left behind. Sav stood on the porch once more, now holding the tea that he had left for the Lieutenant, wiping the lip of it with his shirt. He knew this wasn’t Adir’s only stop, as he watched the soldier that waited by the humvee hand the Lieutenant another stack of copies for the next family he was headed to visit. He knew that Adir went for the harder conversation first, to get it out of the way. And he knew that the next conversations this fucker headed for would be easier. The other hostages that died were *actually* shot.

He knew a lot, as the vehicles departed. Too much to be useful to them. But as he stood there, his heart panged with one feeling he knew he could never know.

His brother wasn’t armed. In fact, he was still bound as he tried to squirm out of the rubble like a tortured mole. He was stomped to death because a 20-year old from Manhattan mistook him for a Palestinian covered in dust and concrete (something a New Yorker should be familiar with but I digress). His heart panged with the thought of it, tears finally breaking the dam.

They didn’t mistake him. They thought he was a civilian. And he was treated as such.

Wallpaper

By Wm. Zink

a line runs down the side of the face
arcing just inside the cheekbone
down to the lever of the jaw
a fine point line traced by the most delicate
of stilettos, set in the faintest relief by pebbled light
the buffed lacquer, flicking at faint gray stubble
markers of a class whose ennui is lethal -
fires are lit & graves are filled by
the kaleidoscopic moods of old white men
staring into mirrors

he's never paid attention to flower arrangements
before; there are, perhaps,
books written

that open up a world of flower arrangement
a semiotic of rose and baby's breath
a window

into this thing he didn't reckon
this thing, this world
is there a world

beyond this face, beyond this mirror
in abstract, what even is a world
what even is this question

and how can that thing be called into question
by the language of flowers
the voice of lilac

the world on a tree lined street
buttercups, cabbage, and hollyhock
elms oaks and maples, a boulevard

and what is this thing language that
the eskimos have 42 words for snow
and snow isn't one of them

and snow is still only snow
and war is always war
blood rivulets sprayed like

rose petals sprinkled
in inexplicable patterns
falling across polished pergo floors

so many gerrymandered allegiances
wildflowers flowing in comically illogical
washes

Global Thoughts

By DechoukaJ

ANC chooses to side with white settler-fascism instead of the South African left

"...[T]he [African National Congress] ... is losing its monopoly on South African politics in ways that breaks with previous trends. Looking at how things are moving, the ANC is going to face a reckoning and will need to clear up who and what it represents. ... Mired between an incomplete new democratic revolution and the old settler-colonial foundation of the state, the ANC has to figure out what it's going to do."

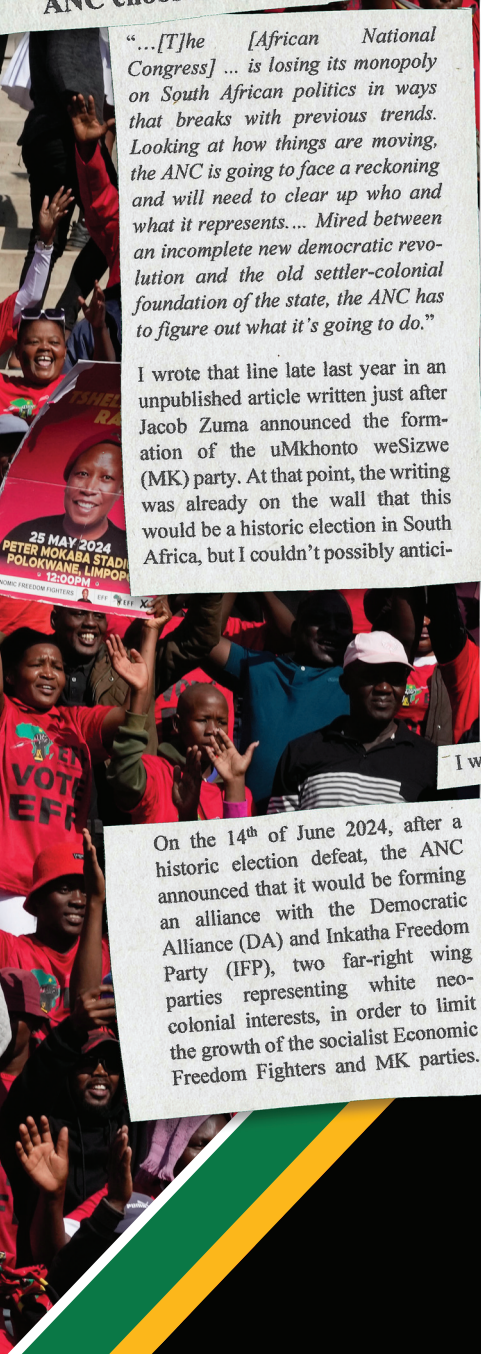
I wrote that line late last year in an unpublished article written just after Jacob Zuma announced the formation of the uMkhonto weSizwe (MK) party. At that point, the writing was already on the wall that this would be a historic election in South Africa, but I couldn't possibly anti-

pate many of the twists and turns that've happened since. In particular, I thought that while the ANC was having a crisis of identity, working class forces within the party were still strong enough to direct it towards a coalition with the EFF and MK if necessary.

I was wrong.

On the 14th of June 2024, after a historic election defeat, the ANC announced that it would be forming an alliance with the Democratic Alliance (DA) and Inkatha Freedom Party (IFP), two far-right wing parties representing white neo-colonial interests, in order to limit the growth of the socialist Economic Freedom Fighters and MK parties.

The revolutionary party which abolished apartheid and almost toppled settler-colonial South Africa 30 years ago has now aligned itself with parties whose platform revolves entirely around bringing back white minority rule and selling out Africans to the lowest bidder. Needless to say, this has caused deep unrest within the ANC's old alliance with the Communist Party and the Congress of South African Trade Unions, who have stood fast with the ANC since the days of armed struggle against apartheid. I can't possibly predict what could happen next, but what I do know is that when these revolutionary struggles are left incomplete, they're doomed to fall into reaction. Again, we cannot let ourselves be disarmed.



The Voices

By Selia Lael

Chanted dirge among the crypts
Vocalized by fear of too many generations past
Fading from consciousness, your voice dissolves the violence
Fleeting is the death
And prolonged the sleep
That cursed vitality
When talk was cheap
How righteous the repose
That doled out the silence
Fading from consciousness, the voices are so violent

Untitled

Once again the exhaustion from
What some people say is just life
The human experience then what
Is a plate of cold leftovers worth

Sustenance for the starving who
Wait for the gluttonous wealthy
After enclosure hoarding life and
Convincing of their beneficence

How long will it be tolerated this
Idea of philanthropy serving the
Greater good is absurd and cruel
And I read that the seas are rising

To reclaim what is theirs.

Claude les Champs

Operation Fear and Trembling

By Adrian Silbernagel

Two stowaways fall from the underbelly
of the U.S. airplane on our plasma
TV screen, awakening questions.
Packed to the rafters with refugees,
does the plane contain multitudes?
Or contradictions? Can a bird mistake
an aircraft for its mother? Was this war
divinely ordered? *The United States*
will never rest. We will not forgive.
We will not forget. We will hunt you
down to the ends of the Earth
says the President.

Blessed are the Settlers, for they will Bomb the Earth.

By A. Reyes

I hate that I've got people saying "We protested for black lives matter,
But why are we alone in our matter?"

Probably because as you bomb a strip into Kingdom Come, you failed to realize that their protest
was about a man being choked to death.

That their unrest, summed up, moved from kneeling to a man that was killed from it,
But where did Chauvin get that technique from?

I hate that I've got people saying "October 7 was the worst murder of Jews since the Holocaust."
The Seven was a day of atrocity, there is no excuse for those lost.

But this ignores the 3,000 Jews that the Argentinian junta, tortured, murdered, boiled their fat
and disappeared.

They may have erased the people but there is no erasing that.
Argentine soldiers but with American funds.
But where did Peron get the guns?

I hate that when you hear about kids in tents dying,
you automatically assume we've got to be lying.

And then when it turns out not to be a movie,
you actually laugh at the footage like it's a comedy.

I hate that you hide inside the box of your religion
while you bomb the box every Gazan is hiding in.

I hate that when you hear about Anti-Zionist Jews, your brain fucking short circuits.

I hate that you look at tents in campuses and in Rafah with the same views: Threats and Targets.

I hate that when I learn of your history, I feel like I'm reading unsolved cases.

Stories of killers, thieves and murderers,
all forgiven for their crimes, leaving no traces.

Did you know Israel elected terrorists three times?

Menachem Begin was in Irgun, a terrorist group that bombed a hotel and killed over a hundred in
Deir Yassin.

Ariel Sharon was a commander that oversaw the Qibya massacre, killing 69 Palestinians.

Yitzhak Shamir joined Lehi, a group that tried to ally with the Nazis twice. Ain't got a rhyme for
that.

I hate your pride, not because it's founded on you, but because it's not.

You're free from your bindings but you use them to hold another neck taut.

And then call them terrorist when that person's sick of the toil.

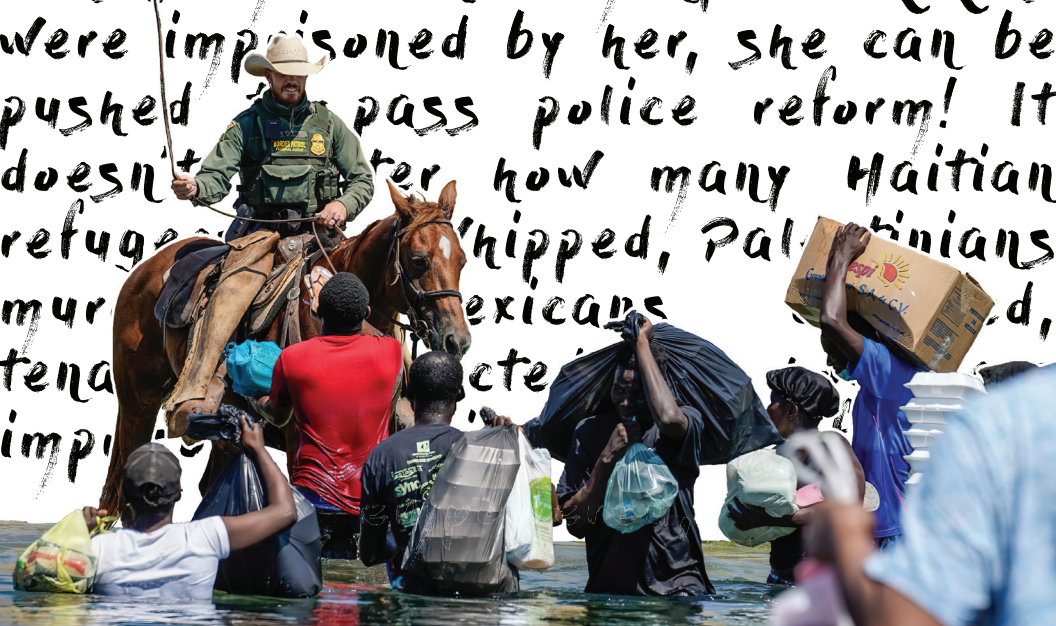
You call us Nazis but your two state solution is blood and soil.

The parents were victims but as of late,
the children want to be perpetrators.

But who raised them with such hate?

I only know who razed Gaza with craters.

Just one more vote. Just one more vote in 2024. We'll definitely be able to move her left! Aren't you interested in **POWER**? Don't you want to be **POWERFUL**? Don't underestimate the **POWER** of the ballot! Left-wing **POLITICAL POWER** won't come from nowhere! Well what's your alternative, smart guy? So what, do you want Trump to win? You Communists don't care about **POWER**, you don't care about winning! It doesn't matter what her career was before, what matters is beating Trump! It doesn't matter how many Black kids were imprisoned by her, she can be pushed to pass police reform! It doesn't matter how many Haitian refugees were shipped, Palestinians murdered, Mexicans detained, etc.



Political power comes from the barrel of a gun.

*I'm not food for the soul.
I refuse to be easily digestible.
A few generations shy of being bought and sold,
I will not shrink myself.
I won't cease to grow,
even if it means unlearning
all I've come to know.*

-Lynn

**If you find this book, take it. It's yours.
Educate yourself, educate others, and
always expand what is possible!**

Nobody Owns Land is a project by Queer and racialized people, for Queer and racialized people. We are seeking to create a local, quarterly physical publication where our reporting, our ideas, and our art can flourish on our terms.

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**See more at our website:
NobodyOwns.Land**